W. D..ll

N° 34

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Citizen K

TO

My Lord Provost.

My Lord,

WHEN you roſe from obſcurity to act in the council, and as a magiſtrate, you had no friend but Sir L------ D-----. To him ſolely you owed your ſucceſs and promotion; and, when inſtructed in his intereſt, your proteſtations were lively and fervent. A deep feeling of gratitude, and aſſurances of perpetual fidelity, were expreſſed, and believed. He held you by the ties of relation, the bonds of friendſhip, and the ſolemnity of engagements. But there are men, my Lord, whom no ties can bind, and no obligations attach, and whoſe engagements are only made to be broken.

THE zeal you diſcovered in his ſervice was apparently real; and his friends, who found you inſipid, did not ſuſpect you to be treacherous. But politics you were to conſider as a paſtime, where, if much was to be riſked, there was much to be acquired. Your ambition was to be gratified, whatever it was to coſt. You became active to ſecure an intereſt independent of his; and, with an intention to take the ſhorteſt road to preferment, you looked around you for ſtrength and importance. Under the impreſſion of acting

to

to *his* advantage, you foſtered your *own.* You employed his influence againſt himſelf, and grew formidable to him by affecting his ſervice. While you was meditating his deſtruction, you could ſmile, and wiſh proſperity to his meaſures. You were prodigal of a reſpect, of which you have explained the ſincerity. The maſk of friendſhip, my Lord, was to conceal and to forward the crookedneſs of your deſigns; and, in the keen ſenſe of your ſelfiſhneſs, you forgot that it was to mark the diſcovery of them with a guilt more expreſſive.

THE elections approached, and it was neceſſary to think of a ſucceſſor to your Lordſhip. Mr Dalrymple, who had reſigned a promiſe in his favour to make way for your advancement, was the only perſon who could be thought of with propriety on the occaſion. The intention of placing him in the chair was made known to you: it was now that your projects were to be revealed. The farce could be upheld no longer. His immoveable firmneſs to the intereſt of Sir L—— D—— was a mortal offence to your Lordſhip; his promotion was not to agree with the plans you had ſchemed. The moment of the rupture you had concerted was arrived, and your memory will lay before you the aſſertions and the converſations that preceded it. The Duke of B-------- appeared in town to ſupport your oppoſition to your benefactor; and, with an unbluſhing boldneſs, you acknowledged openly, that you were not the political friend of Sir L—— D——.

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THESE,

THESE, my Lord, are the great lines of your conduct, — the melancholy proofs of your integrity. The citizens of reflection and probity ſee you with ſurpriſe the declared enemy, and the ſtrenuous oppoſer, of the man who had raiſed you. And it is poſſible, that thoſe who talk of you as able, may admire the awkward ſituation into which you have thrown yourſelf.

THERE is a duplicity, my Lord, that is ſuperior to, and precludes all confidence. Even on the ſuppoſition of your ſucceſs, your *Noble* Friend would ſoon find it neceſſary to lay you aſide, as a tool that had exhauſted its uſefulneſs. It is a dictate of common prudence, that we cannot owe ſtability, and muſt not laviſh truſt, to ſervants accuſtomed to flatter and betray.

IF little, however, was to be hoped from your ſucceſs, ſurvey the conſequences of your defeat; which, by this time, you know to be certain. You return, my Lord, to your original littleneſs, with the bewitching thought, of having bartered your virtue for a phantom. The gay dreams of ambition will vaniſh for ever. But there may remain, indeed, ſomething permanent to conſole you. The character of the politician may ſtick to the merchant, and your ſhop grow a deſert, where you may ponder on the paſt in ſorrow, and in ſolitude.

A CITIZEN.

Sept. 24. 1776.

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